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THE

# RAGGED SCHOOL UNION

# MAGAZINE.

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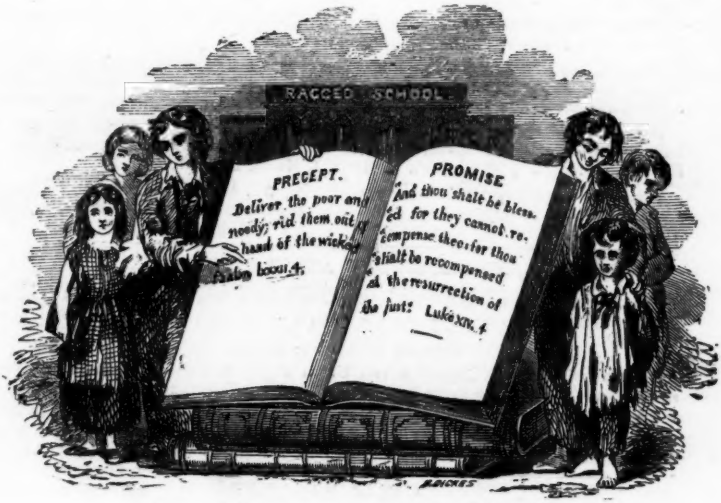
RAGGED SCHOOL
PRECEPT.
Deliver the poor and needy; rid them out of the wicked hand of the wicked.
Psalm lxxxii. 4.
PROMISE
And thou shalt be blessed for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just: Luke xiv. 4.

"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter i. 25.

PROFITS DEVOTED TO RAGGED SCHOOLS.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Received: Mr. Dolling, Mr. Dallen, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Newton, Mrs. Reade, and Ladies' Sanitary Association.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The Committee beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a parcel of clothing from an Anonymous Friend; a parcel of clothing from Mrs. Reade, a parcel of reports, &c., from Miss Bowes; and a parcel of books from Mrs. Hirons.

Parcels of Left-off Wearing Apparel, for distribution to the Children, and for our Industrial Classes, also Books or Magazines for forming School Libraries, will be thankfully acknowledged by Mr. JOSEPH G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, W.C.

Parcels of waste paper, old magazines, reports, &c., &c., can be made good use of for the benefit of the Society, and will be thankfully acknowledged by Mr. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall.


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FOR OCTOBER

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# NICHOL STREET

## Ragged Schools, Missions, and Working Men's Club,

### BETHNAL GREEN.

These schools, established in 1843, are situated in one of the most destitute districts of London. Commencing with one room, the work steadily grew, until the one became sixteen; but then dilapidations became so serious, that in very self-defence they had to be given up. Freehold land close by, amply sufficient, was fortunately obtained by the Committee, at a cost of £850, and a portion of the land was covered with plain school buildings, which were opened free of debt. But from the dense population of the district, and the number of the children (about 1,200) crowding into the schools, still further accommodation is absolutely necessary.

But by these efforts, and by raising about £300 a year for the support of the School and Mission, the Committee and friends of the school, who mostly live three miles distant from the scene of their work, and have no special connection with the neighbourhood, have done what they can, and are now compelled to appeal to others for the assistance necessary to complete their plans by covering the vacant piece of land in their possession.

In this the Committee have the cordial approval and assistance of Lord Shaftesbury and the Rector of Bethnal Green.

Of the one thousand pounds asked for, half has been already obtained, but five hundred pounds are still required, and the Committee are very anxious to open the Schools free of debt, and thus claim the grant promised by the Ragged School Union.

Donations will be thankfully received by Mr. GENT, Secretary, Ragged School Union, Exeter Hall; or by

HENRY SPICER, Jun.,
68, Upper Thames Street, E.C.

# Papers, Original and Selected.

## INDUSTRIAL TRAINING IN RAGGED SCHOOLS.

### ISLINGTON WORKING CLASS EXHIBITION.

FROM the moment that Ragged Schools broadened out from Sunday to week-day work, the promoters of the movement have encouraged manual labour in these schools. Every visitor to our schools notices how fond the boys, and most of the elder girls, are of bodily exercise. In fact, to curb this propensity to undue physical motion, is one of the hardest tasks of teachers; for, as a rule, the ragged class prefer hand labour to brain-work. Hence, hands and feet—nay, arms and legs—during school hours, are kept so much in action that a stranger might fancy that they were trying to solve the problem of perpetual motion. Out of school, the same propensity to incessant bodily motion is noticeable wherever street-boys congregate. This probably is one reason why so many ragged lads turn themselves into "wheels" to amuse omnibus riders. For, though in this reckless pastime they think much of the money thoughtless riders may fling to them, they are no less incited by the love of bodily action.

It is clear, then, that when we employ the body in Ragged Schools, as well as the intellect, we thereby only regard this law of their physical temperament. What we want, then, is not to destroy, but to regulate and utilize propensities which are otherwise wasted in fidgetiness, if not in positive mischief. By this plan, too, we aid in sending these poor lads into the labour market with the bodily frame properly developed; with aptness for various kinds of physical labour; and with that steadiness in work which is so alien to the habits of the ragged class. We are thus led to infer, that if no provision is made for physical labour in any Ragged School, it cannot be regarded as perfectly constituted.

Impressed with the opinion that not only would God-given aptitudes be complied with, but that our young friends would be thereby fitted to perform their duties to society, the Central Society has ever encouraged the formation of Industrial Classes, as well for boys as for girls. But, in the year 1847, they took a.

more forward step, by the establishment of a Juvenile Industrial School. This was planted in the very heart of the "Devil's Acre," in Westminster, the haunt of coiners, burglars, harlots, and of classes whose modes of living it was more easy to imagine than to discover. Though fed, clothed, and industrially trained, the members slept at home; and thus, too often, the good done in the day time was undone at night. For sufficient reasons it was discontinued; but not until this Industrial School had shown the possibility of outcasts—pariahs by birth, if not pariahs from sin—being so trained as to become ornaments instead of curses to society.

Like all good plans, there was a seed-principle in this Industrial School, the outgrowths of which are recognised and approved of by society. For this Industrial School may be regarded as the progenitor of those more perfect Refuges, where necessitous or vagrant boys and girls find a home as well as a workshop. There are twelve such Refuges connected with the Central Society, which gives a small capitation grant towards the maintenance of every child received direct from Ragged Schools. In these there are now above 400 inmates, who are being trained both for God and man. For hundreds of these, once depraved or idle boys and girls, have been rescued from all the evils incident to a street-life. Nor is this all. For while they are the most industrious of our bread-winners, either at home or abroad, they also practically show that there is no social evil beyond the grasp of the Church of Christ.

But, in addition to these homes, there are, we are glad to intimate, Industrial Classes connected with the bulk of our Ragged Schools. They have a united working staff of above 4,000. Most of these classes, it is true, are confined to girls, as the cost entailed by Boys' Industrial Classes is too great for most schools to incur. But in a few boys' schools—far fewer than we think ought to be the case—tailoring, wood-chopping, shoemaking, and knitting, are carried on, to the great delight of the members. In fact, from what we have witnessed at Portland Town, Hog Lane, and Gray's Yard, we fear that, when industrial training is allowed to compete with secular instruction, the former wins the battle. For, with a shout, they rush from the secular into the industrial class as if they were about to assist at a school-treat rather than to be engaged in two hours' hard work.

This love for industrial pursuits displayed in school, is equally ap-

parent at home. Thus, we constantly hear of their being occupied with some work at their own houses which turns them into manufacturers on a small scale. Strange are the products of their leisure hours; and proud are they when they present the produce of their mechanical skill to their teachers. Sometimes it is a cottage or a ship; ofttimes it is a tiny table or a pigmy ladder; but every article is neat and well made. And it would be difficult to tell which is most delighted with the fruit of their handy work, the teacher or the scholar. For the true-hearted Ragged School teacher, like Dr. Arnold, so identifies himself with his boys as to regard their successes or failures as his own.

We were glad, then, when the Council of the "Metropolitan and Provincial Working Classes' Exhibition" appropriated a space for the more public display of the industrial products of Ragged Schools. Such an exhibition on a small scale was last year successfully held by the Doughty Street School, and this year by the teachers of Carr Street. The response to the circular letter issued by the Central Society, was hearty; and since, many juvenile workers have been toiling, both at home and at school, to manufacture suitable articles for exhibition. This Exhibition was opened in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on September 3rd, and will be kept open till the end of October.

From the list it appears that above fifty Ragged Schools sent articles for exhibition. The aggregate of articles so displayed was above 1,000, the product of 700 juvenile workers—an amount most creditable to their industry, as their neatness is to their manual skill. Few of the exhibitors exceeded 18 years; most being about 14; one, indeed, being only 3 years of age. Each article had a card, supplied by the Central Society, attached to the article exhibited, whereon was inscribed the name of the Ragged School, the name of the exhibitor, and his or her age. Some of these articles we saw whilst in the process of manufacture; and in every case there is reason to believe that no deception has been practised by an adult aiding in the production of the articles so exhibited.

As it is not our province to enter fully into the part of the Exposition devoted to adults, it may suffice to say that, mainly due to the energy of the Honorary Secretary and Executive Council, the display is most creditable to the working classes. It shows how profitably many men of swarthy visage and horny hand are employing their leisure time. It also leads to the inference that

many prefer the fire-side to the taproom; and that in the congenial society of wife and child, they find the relaxation they have so well earned, in painting, wood-carving, or bird-stuffing. Such an employment of leisure is the best argument that could be adduced in favour of that Saturday half-holiday which we hope will speedily become the *unwritten* law of our country; whilst the character of the whole Exhibition, whether we regard the taste displayed, or the talent developed, "gives us," in the words of Dr. James Hamilton, "great hopes of the future of the working men of England."

Prepared as we were, from the rumours which flooded our office, for a fair display of articles made by our ragged flock, we were not prepared for the variety of objects exhibited. Models, bead-work, embroidery, mats made of tailors' clippings, and needlework, both ornamental and useful, form the staple of the articles displayed; with a few objects of a more ambitious character interspersed. But it would be invidious to mention any of the schools exhibiting, or to specify the articles displayed; and in either case we should have to write a catalogue rather than a leader. What we rather want is for our readers to visit the department dignified with the name of "Ragged School Court," feeling persuaded that they will thank us for the treat in store. They will have no difficulty in discovering the corner of the gallery appropriated to our young friends; for in wool-work and in embroidery they will read their gratitude in the prayer, "Long live Lord Shaftesbury."

It is scarcely needful to intimate that the object of the promoters of the Islington Working Classes' Exhibition was not to foster pride or conceit, nor to feed that spirit of "emulation," which the Apostle Paul classes among the "works of the flesh" (Gal. v. 20). Now what we want, as disciples of Christ, is to see in each other brothers with the same great eternal destinies; and not rivals, whose antagonistic aims are to be frustrated. But the aim of the Islington Exhibition was rather two-fold; either singly or both united, being of great social import. *First*, to show that ragged scholars are acquiring such habits of work, that, when they leave their schools for every-day life, they will be able to comply with the Divine law, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." This lesson, with such idle or vicious parents as the bulk possess, they cannot be expected to acquire at home. If then it is to be learnt at all—and their own interest and that of society demands that it should be acquired somewhere—it must be learnt in the Ragged School. The *second* aim was of equal value. If any child

was found to excel in the manufacture of some article demanding artistical or mechanical skill, it was hoped that it might be the means of introducing him to some visitor, and thus lead to his being permanently engaged in that manufacture for which he had displayed native ability.

No one who has visited the "Ragged School Court" can doubt that the first object has been fully realized; for, as well the number as the quality of the articles so exhibited, prove that our human bees did not work by fits and starts, but, like their insect types, continuously and with a purpose. And that the second aim will be accomplished we have no doubt, and thus that many a worthy lad, with well-disciplined head and hand, will get the permanent employment he has so well earned.

But had this two-fold object entirely failed, the Exhibition of Ragged School Work will not be without great benefit to our movement. Not rarely the friends of Ragged Schools are taunted by those whose ignorance can only be matched by their uncharitableness, with regarding their scholars as so many pets, and as such to be patronized to the neglect of children who have sprung from worthier parents. Now this Exhibition proved that, however we may have cultivated the head, we have not forgotten that our scholars are to get their livings by handicrafts, and that this has led us to develop muscle as well as brain. Most of those poor children, from the force of home example, would have become idlers, if not worse; but, gripped by the strong arm of Christian charity, they have been dragged out of "the mire and the gutter," to win their daily bread by the daily task. Now, surely it is far wiser to lead a class like this aright, when painful facts show that they cannot be driven. To God, then, be the praise; for he alone sent us into the highways and hedges to invite the wanderer to that glorious city, where, by-and-bye, they will find a home and a hearty welcome!

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## THE CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER, OF NEW YORK.

**Some worthy Christians are strangely sceptical in regard to the conversion of children. They admit the impressibility of childhood; they admit that early piety is beautiful; they read in their own Bible the promise, "Those that seek me early shall find me," and they read, too, of such examples of youthful religion as Samuel, and King Josiah, and the well-**

taught Timothy. But about their own children's conversion they have grave doubts and misgivings.

Just as well might they doubt the ability of a child of ten years of age to love its mother, or to obey the commands of its father. A child trusts its parents implicitly. How does your little girl know that it is not rank poison that you are giving her when she is sick? She cannot analyse the medicine; yet she swallows it down from simple faith in your say-so that it is "good for her."

If a child can love a parent, and trust a parent, and obey a parent, it can love, and trust, and obey God. These three mental acts are the very essence of religion. Bear in mind, too, that in every thought and act toward God the child may have the supernatural aid of the Holy Spirit. Also bear in mind that the centre of Christianity is Christ. Now, an ordinary child of ten or twelve years can appreciate Christ's history, his beautiful deeds of power and mercy, the sweetness of his promises, and his death of self-sacrifice, just as well as a man of three-score. The mysteries of Christ's incarnation I cannot understand any better than a child; nor need either of us do it. A child can love Jesus with all the ingenuous ardour of its young heart. Is not this the touchstone of vital Christianity?

Just as soon as your son and daughter are old enough to understand right from wrong, they are old enough to *do* right or wrong. Doing right is religion; doing wrong is sin. Sorrow for wrong-doing is contrition. Ceasing to do wrong from right motive is repentance. Asking Christ to forgive wrong is an act of faith. Did you never know a child to be capable of these exercises?

Why argue the possibility of childish piety, when innumerable cases of sincere, intelligent, well-founded godliness have been exhibited by the very young? One of the most beautiful examples of almost angelic piety I ever witnessed was in a sweet girl, who was transplanted to heaven at the age of nine years. Her talk with me in my boyhood impressed me more than my minister's sermons. When a little sick lad was asked by his pastor, "Would you like to get better?" he answered, "I would like the will of God." "If you get better, would you live just as you did before?" "Yes; if God did not give me his grace, I certainly would." Could an adult mind have any better conception of dependence upon God than this?

It may be said that "children's minds are volatile and changeable." Are grown people never changeable? Do men and women of forty years never become backsliders? I had rather risk the volatility of childhood than the temptations to self-seeking sharpness and worldliness that beset middle life. If childhood is credulous, manhood and old age are too sceptical. Better a heart that believes too much and too easily than one that is too slow to believe and to move at all. Oh! be assured, ye parents and teachers, that there is no such soil in the world for religious truth and converting grace as the heart of a frank, susceptible, trustful child. From that soil grows the loftiest and sturdiest piety of after years.

The most important ten years of human life are from five to fifteen years of age. The vast majority of those who pass twenty irreligious are never converted at all. Dr. Spencer tells us that, out of 235 hopeful converts in his church, 138 were under twenty years of age, and only *four* had passed

their fiftieth year! I have been permitted, during my ministry, to receive nearly 1,000 persons into the Church on confession of their faith, and not one dozen of these had outgrown their fiftieth year. I did indeed once baptize a veteran of eighty-five; but the case was so remarkable that it excited the talk and wonder of the town. Such late repentances are too much like what a blunt dying soldier called "flinging the fag-end of one's life into the face of the Almighty."

In judging of the genuineness of children's conversions, we must remember that they are but children. Don't expect a converted boy to be a pious man: he is yet only a boy. Like a boy, he loves to play, and ought to play. But if he is willing to leave his play to attend a prayer-meeting, why is not that as good a proof of his heart devotion as for a man to quit his work for the same purpose? The little girl who denies herself a doll or a dress, in order to give the money to a missionary-box, practises a Christian benevolence as pure as those who bestow their thousands in munificent charity. A child that controls its temper because God forbids anger, does as saintly a thing as Stephen did when he forgave his persecutors. Hypocrisy is one of the most hideous and hateful of sins; is there more of it under twenty years of age than over? I trow not. In estimating the evidence of childish religion, we must look for children's graces, and make allowance, too, for childhood's weaknesses. God's grace does not make a boy a man; it simply makes him a *better boy*.

At what age should a child be admitted to the Church? To this question we would answer that every one should be admitted to Christ's Church as soon as they give good evidence of a Christian heart and Christian conduct. The Church is for *all* who love the Lord Jesus, and who seek to serve him. The Bible does not make *age* a condition of salvation, Shall a truly converted child be kept away from Christ's Table until it has got over being a child? And what is the use of having a fold, "if the lambs are all to be kept out until they can stand the weather"?

In every age of life piety is possible, is attractive, is indispensable to salvation. We rejoice to see the man of middle life, or the mother amid her cares, yielding to Jesus a heart that has long been enslaved by worldliness or haunted by scepticisms. But still more do we rejoice to see the Divine Redeemer take his place in a *young heart*—a heart, like that new tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, which received Christ's wounded body—a place "in which *no other had ever yet been laid*."

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## HOW A LADY TAMED THE "ROUGHS."

I USUALLY preferred at Field Lane Ragged School a class of big lads, or "Roughs," as they were called. It was remarked that they got on well with a "lady teacher." Rough as they were, they evinced a degree of politeness to her which a gentleman could not always command, although in most cases they regarded even him with no ordinary affection, if he attended regularly, and entered into their feelings.

Now, you will suppose me sitting on a chair, with five or six of these youths on

benches, on each side (the wooden partitions completely shutting us out from the classes around), their ages ranging from twelve to twenty, or even older. Most of them could read tolerably, at least well enough to go on with their verse, in turn, in reading the chapter, which *I allowed them to select*, for the evening's instruction.

I wish I could bring them as vividly before you as I now see them at this distance of time. There were probably three or four of them with what is called the "county crop," that is, the hair cut quite short, showing they had just come out of prison; two or three "cadgers" (a name applied to those who belonged to no trade, but who earned a scanty living by holding horses, taking care of carts, or running errands for those attending the neighbouring market of Smithfield); one or two "tramps," with very little clothing, who had no other home than what the Refuge or Casual Ward of the workhouse afforded; and one or two who had arrived at a degree of respectability above the others, as they were in regular employment. These were the days before the "Shoe-black Brigades" were formed.

Whenever I taught on the boys' side of the school, one young man regularly *patronized* me. He might be eighteen or twenty, dark, good-looking, and respectably dressed, sailor fashion, his black hair well combed and plentifully greased; and what do you think his occupation was? He was called a "mud-lark." You will not easily guess what that means. At that time the great sewers of London emptied themselves into the Thames near the bridges, and were something like small railway-tunnels. The mud-larks were men who penetrated a long way up these tunnels, raking amongst the filth, where they often found silver spoons, money, and articles of jewellery, which careless people may have thrown down their sinks. The young man of whom I spoke earned a living in this way, and for several years attended the evening and Sabbath schools regularly. He learned to read well; and one gentleman taught him writing and arithmetic. The last time I inquired about him, he was going to be married, and was paying in for a Family Bible. Let us hope he is now following some more agreeable occupation.

Doubtless, all the boys *once* had a name, but they were seldom known by their proper one, and I question if many of them really knew any other than the name given them by their companions. Often some peculiarity in their visage or person or occupation gave rise to their cognomen. Thus, I had a boy who squinted, he was "Blinker;" one from Wales, "Taffy;" "The Lark," "Mike," and so on. And I was obliged to address them in this manner from knowing no other name for them. They were a good-humoured, obliging set, and most of them would have been honest if they had possessed home and food.

After prayer was offered, a hymn sung, and the bell rung, I took the bag containing my purse or anything else, no matter how valuable, and hung it on the back of my chair. I would then say, "Now Mike, Taffy," or any one else on whom I wished to confer a favour, "you take charge of my bag;" and I well knew it would be quite safe; for if another boy had looked at it even, Mike would have been down upon him. And if I came alone any evening, I selected the "bag-keeper" to see me out of Smithfield, knowing that had the slightest annoyance been offered to me, a whistle from him would have brought a dozen strong arms to defend me. I made it a rule to

place confidence in those I met with until I had cause to alter my opinion; and it was very seldom that I had to do so. I found out that there *is* "honour among thieves," as I never lost the smallest trifle, although I would by no means have answered for their being equally honest to others.

I was frequently perplexed by the questions they put to me as we proceeded with the chapter; for *'cuteness* was not wanting in them any more than in the girls. When we came to their lessons, many of them would repeat hymns and texts well; and when they were finished, it was, "Now, teacher, tell us a story." So I used to store up any anecdote I thought would have an effect upon them. Then the question was, "Is that true, teacher?" So I had to be very careful to relate nothing but what I could authenticate. You would be surprised at the familiar style in which the scholars of all ages addressed their teachers; and we met them in the same spirit. An unkind or harsh word would probably have driven them away; and then how much one would regret losing the opportunity of sowing a little of that good seed, which, we are assured, will never return void!

To claim acquaintance with their teacher is a great pleasure to all who attend the Ragged Schools. I have a very extensive circle of friends, of all ages and degrees. One day, not very long ago, a little way out in the country, I saw a lad with a large basket of oranges on his head. Suddenly the lad put down the basket, and running across the road, held out a large hand to me, which I heartily shook. This was "Irish Mike," my former pupil at Field Lane, looking well. He earned a subsistence by hawking fruit. I am not sure that I was as well pleased when, going along Oxford Street on a beautiful day, I saw three or four very questionable-looking young men, of the "rough" genus, standing at the entrance of a court, one of whom nodded to me in the most familiar manner, and said, "Oh! how do you do, teacher?" I could not stop in that crowded thoroughfare to find out which of my old friends he was; but I thought of an anecdote of Mr. Joseph Payne, who, in speaking of the love of youth for recognising their teachers, mentioned that one day he saw a stout, good-looking lad coming along, who, in the most patronizing style, nodded to him, and said, "How do you do, teacher?" "And much credit (added Mr. Payne) I had in my pupil, for he was between two constables!"—*The Children's Hour.*

G. J.

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## A RAGGED BOY'S STRUGGLES.

THE following particulars respecting one of the juvenile emigrants from the St. Giles's Refuge, to Australia, will no doubt be interesting to the friends of the Refuges, as illustrating how thoroughly that institution, like al similar asylums, is a "Refuge for the Homeless."

The case is that of a boy, born in Bristol, according to his statement, and which can be relied on, for he was found to be a very truthful, quiet boy; his father died when he was about six years old, and therefore he knew very little of him. The mother struggled on the best way she could to obtain a living for herself and boy, until disease overtook her, and she died, leaving her boy an entire orphan at the early age of twelve years. He had no regular work while his mother lived; sometimes he obtained odd jobs on

the "Quay;" but after his poor mother was gone some people seemed to pity him, and he got work at a biscuit manufactory, where he was for two years. Having left this place, he was unable at once to get another situation in Bristol; so he walked to Gloucester in the hope of obtaining work. He remained there a week, but not succeeding in procuring employment, he made up his mind to go to London, and accordingly he started off, and was a fortnight before he reached the great city. When he arrived he had a sore foot through walking all the way in bad boots, and found himself unable to work when he got there. He says: "One morning I was in Hyde Park when a gentleman came to me, and seeing what a sad state I was in he gave me a shilling, and told me if I would meet him there the next night he would give me some boots. I met him, and he gave me some boots and a waistcoat, and told me to try and get some work." This seems to have been the first act of kindness shown to the young stranger in this vast metropolis. The boy was thankful for it, and appreciated the sympathy thus shown by his benefactor; but it is evident the poor lad was still cast down, for he says, when told to get work, "It was easy to talk about it, but not easy to get it in London without a character." The boy was quite right; it is not easy to get work in London without a character; nevertheless, he did not sit down idle and make no effort to get work, although he was a stranger and cast down. So he says, "I did get a job now and again to wheel costermongers' barrows about for men which lodged at the same place as me, for which I got my lodging and food." This prosperity, however, did not last long, for he again hurt his foot, and was of no service to his friends the costermongers; and now he was as bad off as before.

Having, however, found one benefactor in Hyde Park, he seems to have resorted there again, in the hope, no doubt, that his poverty-stricken and friendless condition might attract some other sympathizing benevolent spirit,—and sure enough he did, and one for whom the boy will have cause to bless God all the days of his life, for it was this friend who ultimately brought him to the Refuge. The boy's own account is this:—"One night I was sitting by the Marble Arch, Hyde Park, when a gentleman came up to me, and asked me if I was in want of anything. I told him I had no money to pay my lodging, and he asked me if I had any friends in London, and I told him I had not; and he asked me if I was willing to work if I could get it to do. I told him I was. He then took me to a public-house and gave me some beer, but I wanted food more than beer, and I asked him for some, and he gave me some bread and butter. After staying there a little while, the gentleman took me to Farringdon Dispensary, but the people were gone to bed. He called them up, and I showed them my feet, and they told me they could not do anything for them then, but if I would come in the morning they would see to it. The gentleman then got me a lodging opposite the Dispensary, and gave me some money to get my breakfast. One the morrow he came and took me to the Mansion House, and got a letter of recommendation for Bartholomew's Hospital, which I took, and, after waiting half the day, was told I could not be admitted under a fortnight. I then went back to the lodging, which the gentleman paid for until my feet got better, and then he brought me to Queen Street Refuge, where I have been ever since, and never repented coming in, for it has been a very good thing for me, thanks to Mr. W. and other kind friends."

The account given by the boy is precisely the same as given to the Secretary by the gentleman he refers to when he applied for his admission into the Refuge. The gentleman had acted the part of the "Good Samaritan" to the poor friendless boy, but was utterly unable to put him in a way of helping himself to earn his livelihood, owing to the friendlessness of the lad. During the time the boy was in the Refuge his behaviour was very good. There was nothing low or vulgar about him, but everything commendable. He was truthful, gentle, and obedient. At one time it was thought his constitution was giving way, but it was only the result of the great privations he had endured before finding a home in the Refuge, for with care and attention on the part of Mrs. W. he rallied, and became quite strong. Great hopes are entertained of this lad that he will do extremely well in the colony.

An important lesson may be learned by all who sympathize in the sorrows and afflictions which come before their eyes in the daily walks of life: and it is this—not simply to let the benevolence of a warm and generous heart pass away with the momentary impulse which often gushes out in some temporary relief, without any effort being put forth to do permanent good to the object of relief, but let a personal interest be taken in these poor boys and girls who infest our streets, especially on cold and wet days and nights, and we shall soon see a great diminution in the number of professional vagrants, whose ranks are increased from time to time by these poor children as they advance in years, for a professional beggar's life is one of much excitement, as well as ease and gain, and therefore delighted in by those who know how to escape the powers that be. This *personal* effort no doubt gives a little trouble, but it is sure to bring its own reward. Personal service from right motives for the good of our fellow-creatures is always well pleasing in God's sight.

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## DEATH OF A SHOE-BLACK.

THE following is extracted from a quarterly statement which we recently received from Whetstone Park Ragged School. Our readers must not suppose from the name that the school is pleasantly situated among green undulating fields and shady trees. Whetstone Park is the name of a long mews behind the houses in Holborn, and may be reached by passing down any of the narrow courts in Holborn opposite Day and Martin's.

Since the last report *eleven* boys from twelve to sixteen years old, of whom *seven* are *fatherless* and three *motherless*, have been admitted into that excellent helper of Ragged Schools, the Red Shoe-black Society, Ship Yard, Temple Bar. *Twenty* boys from this school *are now in that Society*, earning an honest livelihood, *ten* being *fatherless* and *six motherless*. All are doing well, and are greatly improved in every respect.

One poor fatherless boy, who was placed in the Society from this school, and continued in it several months, has died since the last report. During the past winter, J. N. was compelled, through very weak health, to withdraw from the Society, and lingered until the 13th of April last, when he died. He received the kindest consideration from Mr. Ware, Mr. Fowler, and Mr. Howard, of the Society, and after his death his old shoe-black com-

panions, amongst them, contributed £1 12s. to assist the mother in meeting the expenses of his illness and funeral. We are glad to intimate that this is not the only instance in which the shoe-blacks, not merely of the "Red," but of every brigade, have devoted a part of their hard earnings to the burial of their comrades. In every case the act has been spontaneous, urged as they were solely by that brotherly feeling which pervades the various corps.

The Scriptural instruction he had received at school was not lost on him, but by the Holy Spirit was blessed to his soul, and he sought and found "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Through several weeks of painful illness to the time of his spirit's departure, he was humbly resigned to the will of God, and very patient under his suffering. To his school teacher and other friends who visited him he bore testimony of his reliance on the precious blood of Jesus alone for the cleasing of his soul *from all his sins* and acceptance with God; and he loved to talk of the love of Jesus, and continually, "by day and night," he said, "to hold sweet communion with Him who was his refuge and strength, comfort and joy." Not long before his death, he said "he longed to be with Jesus," to see him face to face, and live in heaven with him, for he should then suffer no more pain, and prayed to him to receive his soul. He died in perfect peace, without a murmur or struggle, and it is believed that, though "absent from the body," yet he is now "present with the Lord."

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## JEWELS FOR THE CROWN OF GLORY.

I READ lately of a young disciple. In her dying moments she had no doubt as to her personal interest in Christ. She had the comfortable assurance that she was just about to enter into "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." Yet a dark cloud passed over her countenance, and a heavy weight lay on her heart. What was the occasion of her grief? It was this. She had lived mainly to herself. She had not been the blessed instrument of leading one soul to Christ. She trusted that, through God's grace, she herself would be permitted to enter the kingdom; but she feared that hers would be a starless crown.

*A starless crown!* That I reckon to be the meanest crown in heaven, the crown that belongs to the lowest grades of the redeemed. The glory of the brightest crown in heaven consists not in its weight of finest gold. It consists in the number of its stars—in the lustre of its jewels. But where are these jewels to be gathered, and when? Not on the golden pavements of heaven, when the watches of the dark night are past; but here, in this lower world, perhaps amid the dens of deepest and of darkest infamy; amid the filth and the offscourings of your very streets; amid the vilest sinks of pollution into which our poor humanity can fall.

Disciples of Christ! the jewels are there. They are lying in thick masses around you, and they are as precious as the brightest gems in heaven. But their lustre is all dimmed. Gross darkness covers them. They are concealed and lost amid the dirt and mire with which they are overlaid. But they are not lost irrecoverably. If you search for them, as for

hidden treasures, you may find them; and through God's grace, by means of your strong faith, your heroic efforts, and your bowels of mercy, the lost may be found—the ruined outcast may be saved.

Let that noble work be yours. Live not unto yourselves. Live evermore unto Christ, and for Christ. If there be in the neighbourhood in which you dwell, one poor ragged child, one homeless orphan, for whose soul no one seems to care, take upon yourselves the burden and the responsibility. If he be hungry, feed him. If he be naked, clothe him. If he be sick, visit him. If he be ignorant, instruct him. If he be far away, and ready to perish, bring him to the loving Saviour, and guide his wandering footsteps into the path that leads to heaven. And verily you shall not lose your reward. What you have done to the least of the little ones for whom Christ died, will be reckoned as if it had been done unto himself. And the very jewel which you have drawn from the mire, and lifted from its low estate, will pass ere long to a higher destiny; and while plucked like a brand from the burning, and set like a polished gem in the Saviour's blood-bought diadem, it will add a star to your own crown, which, like the great lights of heaven, shall shine for ever, and for ever, and for ever! Let us then, in response to the words of the poet,—

"So live, that not one hour mispent
May rise in judgment on us penitent:
But 'neath our Father's smile
In Jesu's vineyard toil;
Then every hour a priceless gem will be
To deck the bright crown of eternity."

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## A PEEP AT THE WATER-BUTTS OF KENT STREET.

### FILTERS FOR RAGGED SCHOOLS.

There are few who doubt the opinion of most medical men, that bad water and cholera stand related as father and son. It is not wondrous, then, with the facts which have cropped out during the recent epidemic, that Dr. Lankester, the able Coroner of Middlesex, has declared that "pure water is as necessary to health as good food and fresh air." We may, then, regard cholera as God's judgment on filth.

But how the very poor are to obtain a sufficient supply of good water is a problem yet to be solved. In fact, very few of the hovels which the destitute classes dignify with the name of "houses" are supplied with a sufficient quantity of even *bad* water for domestic, to say nothing of drinking purposes. Thus, whilst recently visiting the Ragged School in Henry Street, Southwark, an alley which branches out of the notorious Kent Street, we were surprised to find several women leaving the school with pails of water. Used as we are to novel sights in Ragged Schools, we had never seen them transformed into a kind of water company. The master explained the enigma by saying that the water of many houses had been cut off in consequence of disputes between the landlords and the company. In other cases, the water was unfit to be drank, or the supply was insufficient. So, instead of

stealing the water—no uncommon case with the thieves of Kent Street—they begged it of the master.

But in such districts where the water supply is not too stinted, to describe its quality or hue would require the pen of a Dickens or the pencil of a Hogarth. Unless the biliary system is very healthy, we should not recommend any one to take a peep into the water-butts of Kent Street. The cisterns are too often planted near dustbins, if such a luxury be supplied, or still nearer closets. They are never cleansed, so that layers of mud, stones, and vegetable matter, are found at the bottom, if that can be seen, which is a rarity almost unknown to the "oldest inhabitant." A rank green scum—consisting of vegetable germs of the lowest type—floats on the surface, mingled with rainbow-hued gases, the product mainly of animal exhalations. It is common to let the water stand in pails until the foul sediment falls to the bottom. The smell of the water in hot weather forcibly reminds one of the seventy mal-odours described by Coleridge as palpable to the senses at Cologne. All these are allies, if they do not breed that typhus which is the *law* of this district in summer. No wonder, then, that the poor become subject to a species of hydrophobia, for they say that the very sight of this disgusting fluid "turns their stomachs." The only persons, indeed, who derive any benefit are the publicans, who fatten on this filthy water as much as they do on the vice of Kent Street.

But even when the water is not so impure, still the character of the conduit-pipes used is such as to conduce to painful bodily maladies which baffle the Faculty to cure. Hence Dr. Todd, in his "Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine," says that "every practical chemist knows the danger of passing distilled or pure water through metallic pipes. All water will dissolve metal; the purer it is the greater is its solvent powers. Pure water should never be kept in a metallic vessel, nor be passed through metallic piping. Any filter that has metallic tubing connected with it I would not use. Instances of lead poisoning are more numerous than is generally supposed; not resulting in death, but slight indisposition. Occasionally it causes serious illness, as in the case of the ex-royal family of France about twelve years since, at Claremont, where pure spring water having been drawn out of a lead pipe, where it had been several hours, and placed upon the royal dining-table, very nearly killed all who partook of it. The late Prince Consort lost a number of his hounds in the same way, and innumerable other instances may be cited."

That our poor brothers do not know the sanitary importance of pure water, as well for the outside as the inside, is declared by all whose duties bring them into personal contact with them. Believing it to be a Biblical axiom, the denizens of Kent Street will repeat the proverb, "Cleanliness is next to godliness;" but the practical part of the text they forget as readily as too many of a higher social standing forget the practical part of the sermons to which they drowsily listen on Sundays. This lesson of the value of pure water was formerly taught by the parish-pump; but since the outbreak of cholera in Soho in 1857 was traced to the pump in Broad Street, most have been properly closed by the Boards of Health. It was found by chemical analysis—as was recently the case with the Temple pump—that instead of yielding pure water, they only issued decoctions of sewage. Nor has the

Drinking Fountain given its lectures on the value of well-filtered water in the districts where they are most required. For, unhappily, they are too commonly erected in the midst of leading thoroughfares; and in the "slums" we rarely see these potent preachers. It is, then, scarcely needful to indicate that in such gin-drinking and bad-water districts as New Cut or Kent Street, Drinking Fountains are only "conspicuous by their absence."

Surely, then, there is a call for Ragged Schools to step in and make another advance in the social branch of their labours. They have done much already to show that from the violation of God's laws physical or moral punishment —it may be death, but *must* be suffering—cannot be divorced. But they will do much more when, not merely by those Bands of Hope which we are glad to see in so many Ragged Schools, but, by supplying good water to the scholars, they create a taste for the beverage originally supplied by the Creator. It was drank by Adam because it was pure; it cannot be drank in Kent Street, because both in taste and hue it is foul, if not poisonous.

Now, as no lesson is so powerful as a practical one, the purchase of a SCHOOL FILTER, to be placed in some conspicuous part of the schoolroom, would speak to the mind through the eye far better than any scientific argument. The cost of a Lipscombe Filter would bankrupt few Ragged Schools. One to filter nearly eight gallons a day may be had for £1 5s. The one we have used for nearly twenty years for drinking purposes is as serviceable as when it was first purchased; so that they may be regarded as nearly indestructible. But, if the funds of any Ragged School did not permit this additional outlay, then a special fund might be raised to supply every Ragged School with a large Filter. By this plan we should plant a taste of water as first created by our Heavenly Father; and probably with the taste for pure water thus generated, the love of gin would gradually die out in Kent Street and the other foul "slums" of London.

Q IN THE CORNER.

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# Correspondence.

## AN APPEAL FOR OLD CLOTHES.

SIR,—The time seems to be approaching when donations of cast-off clothing will be most acceptable to the scholars of Ragged Schools. Very many such gifts are, I am aware, sent direct to Ragged Schools, and are acknowledged in the local reports. But there are many persons who are not interested in any particular locality, or know little of its special needs; and these, I presume, are those who send their hampers of old clothes to No. 1, Exeter Hall. Such parcels I sometimes see acknowledged in your Magazine; and I doubt not that they are divided amongst the connected Ragged Schools at Christmas, the period when warm clothing is most needed; for, if ragged scholars are ill-fed and ill-clad, they are yet still more worse warmed. For the pennyworth of fuel in their fire-grates is so common as almost to become proverbial on the part of visitors.

Considering the penury of so many parents, I cannot conceive of any gift

being more desirable than that of cast-off clothing. This must especially be the case at this crisis, when, particularly in the far east, so many adults have been stricken down by cholera, or so incapacitated by weakness, that, however willing, they are unable to work. If, then, the gift of old clothing were ever desirable, it must be especially so at a time when hundreds of families would starve were it not for the parish allowance. In fact, a proper supply of warm clothing is now not merely desirable, but imperative. For in the broad-sheet which the Committee of the Ragged School Union issued last year, I noticed the following items:—"As preventives, it is recommended to wear a broad strip of flannel around the body, and to keep the feet warm." But the question of questions is this,—not whether the advice is good, but how is the necessary clothing to be obtained by those who can scarcely get food? The unstricken then are called to help the stricken, and thus practically show that if one member suffer, all suffer with it.

But there is another benefit incident to the gift of old clothes, of no mean importance. No sight is more pleasing to a visitor of Ragged Schools than that of nimble-fingered girls, who, in the industrial classes, are occupied with turning frocks or old coats; and who by thus replacing the outside by the inside of the garment, render it, as the old clo' men say, "better as new." Many a jacket and many a cap is thus made; and thus, whilst it gives a comfortable garment, it also supplies the various industrial classes with employment.

I do hope that in answer to this appeal many of your readers, more especially those who live in districts where Ragged Schools are not wanted, will ransack drawers and wardrobe, and send to your office all the old clothes which they can spare. Of course, we do not mean old crinolines, and similar absurdities, but such articles as are really suitable for poor children to wear.

But whilst I ask for donations of old clothes to be divided by your officials according to their knowledge of the local needs, I am sure that they would be equally glad to forward any hampers to Ragged Schools specially named by the donors. In fact, I perceive in your September number two such parcels for specified schools acknowledged on your wrapper. By this plan the donors are saved the trouble of sending parcels to schools with whose officials, and perhaps their very localities, they are unacquainted.

In either case, then, whether the schools are particularized, or your officials divide them, many a poor child would be gladdened during winter, and probably gratitude would be evoked in the parents for this help in a time of need. I hope, then, that your readers will answer this appeal, and what is desirable, that they will answer it *at once!* For otherwise, to parody the old adage, "While the grass is growing the steed starves;" so, whilst the dilatory are making up their minds, the poor are perishing for want of proper clothing.

I am, &c.,

QUARTUS.

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## AID FOR CHOLERA ORPHANS.

### A GOOD EXAMPLE.

DEAR SIR,—Can you relieve me? My position is this:—I am a young tradesman, carrying out the plan of devoting one-tenth of my income to the

Giver of it. On balancing, the other day, I find I have still something in hand to be got rid of. The question is, how? An appeal in the "British Messenger," on behalf of the children left destitute by the cholera, directs me to you; and if you will say to whom payable, I shall be glad, if you will accept it, to forward a P. O. O. for two pounds.

Yours, &c.,

J. W.

*Scarborough, September* 10.

[The above donation has been received, and will be appropriated as the donor desires.—ED.]

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# Poetry.

## THE STARLESS CROWN.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."—DAN. xii. 3.

WEARIED and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight, a glorious vision rose:
I thought, while slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.

A gentle touch awaken'd me.—a gentle whisper said,
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me;" and through the air we fled,
We left the earth, so far away that like a speck it seem'd,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway stream'd.

Still on we went,—my soul was wrapt in silent ecstasy;
I wonder'd what the end would be, what next should meet mine eye.
I knew not how we journey'd through the pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and *I was clothed in white.*

We stood before a city's walls most glorious to behold;
We pass'd through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold;
It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb himself its light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music fill'd the air,
And white-robed saints with glittering crowns, from every clime were there;
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne,
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang, "the glory his alone."

But fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face;
And as I gazed he smiled on me with wondrous love and grace.
Lowly I bow'd before his throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
Had gain'd the object of my hopes; that earth at length was past.

And then in solemn tones he said, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow—adorn'd with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed on me, and life through me is thine,
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?

"Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow;
*For every soul they led to me they wear a jewel now!*
And such *thy* bright reward had been if such had been thy *deed*,
If thou hadst sought some wand'ring feet in path of peace to lead.

"I did not mean that thou shouldst tread the way of life *alone*,
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone,
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest,
*And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been blest.*"

* * * * * * * *

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake,
A spell seem'd brooding o'er my soul which long I fear'd to break,
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit fell o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful might.

I rose and wept with chasten'd joy that yet I dwelt below,
That yet another hour was mine my faith by works to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.

And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me!"
And graven on my inmost soul this word of truth divine,
"*They that turn many to the Lord bright as the stars shall shine.*"

J. L. H.

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# The Teachers' Column.

## "I HAVE NO SHOES, TEACHER!"

NOT rarely, when inspecting school registers, we find recorded as the causes of absence, "no shoes." We have so often heard this excuse from boys, that we regard it as their stereotyped plea for absence, just as "had to mind mother's baby" is the customary excuse of elder girls. But if this be really the case, and the scholars are really kept at home because they have no shoes, it would appear from a letter of M. H. de Noailles to the "Ladies' Sanitary Association," — who so kindly defray the expenses of many Ragged School park parties,—that the evil incident to shoeless feet are more imaginary than real. The fact that Irish children, cradled as are too many in dirt, are much healthier than English children, yet that shoeless feet is their common lot, would serve to prove that the excuse is not valid, and thus it is a far greater evil to detain children from school because they have "no shoes," than to send them there unshod.

We trust that, after the perusal of M. de Noailles's statement, that Ragged School teachers will steadily refuse to admit "no shoes" as an adequate excuse for scholars staying from school, more especially as too many bad mothers make it merely in the hope of obtaining by gift what they ought to get by purchase.

The report of the parties of Ragged School children to the parks has pleased me so much, that I cannot help suggesting to you some observations which might be made through the school-mistresses or Bible-women to the parents in the districts where they make the greatest objections to letting their children join these parties.

I see in the report of one Ragged School that "the parents complain that the children wear out their shoes;" in another that "many are without shoes and the stones hurt their feet." "Those who have been (to the parks), enjoyed the games and are improved in health."

Any one who has travelled in Italy must have seen how merrily the children there run about *barefoot*, and how well and strong they are nevertheless; and yet here we hear of children being prevented in the height of summer from leaving their wretched close streets for a run in the park because the mothers are afraid of their wearing out their shoes!

Now these walks being the only chance of healthy recreation which the poor children have, would it not be worth while to consider if this universal want of shoes and stockings in England is a real or a conventional want? We know that the children in the colder climate of Scotland go in many parts without shoes and stockings the whole year, therefore we may fairly presume that English children would not catch cold in the *summer* by doing the same. As to their feet being hurt by being naked, they would very soon be hardened, as you see children of three years old in Italy running barefoot over the roughest ground; and as to the idea so common in England that it is a great hardship to go barefoot, we constantly see it associated in the minds of poets and philosophers with liberty and enjoyment. Two years ago a distinguished French painter asked me to take care of a poor little Italian girl whose health was very much injured by being made to sit for ten hours a day as a model for painters. Her father on this account was going to take her home to Italy. Hebert, the painter, though asking me to take her that she might avoid the hardships of a peasant life, for which she had no longer the necessary strength, could not resist saying at the same time, "God grant that she may never regret running barefoot through the streams of her native mountains."

It may be objected again that it is dirty to go through dusty streets barefoot, but I ask any one who makes this objection to go into a Ragged School and get some of the poorer children to take off their shoes and stockings, I think they will then come to the conclusion that I have come to, that it would be far cleaner for the little feet to get as dusty as they might out of doors, and then to be washed when they come in, which the sight of mud and dust would probably induce the mothers to do.

I arrived at this conclusion long ago, when at Brighton. I sometimes got some very dirty and sickly children to put their feet in the sea, to strengthen their ankles. When the shoes and stockings were taken off, the sight of the poor little feet, covered with the concentrated dirt of months probably, was such as to make one at first repent having made the experiment. I am sure no one ever felt disgusted by the little bare brown feet of the Italian peasant children; but the smell in a close school-room, of unwashed feet, carefully enclosed in still dirtier stockings and shoes, is very unwholesome. It is well known that bare feet have no smell, any more than *hands*. We are obliged to speak of such unpleasant things because they are of great importance to the health of the school. As regards the question of economy, how much better it would be for the really poor to keep all they have to spend upon shoes, to give their children good strong shoes in the winter, which would *really* keep out the wet, instead of having them literally swathed in wet muddy rags, and perfectly wet through, as I have often seen them; and this was the case with girls of an age when sitting with wet cold feet ought specially to be avoided. The celebrated physician, Dr. Andrew Combe, says that "the circumstances in which wet and cold feet are most apt to cause disease are those where the person remains inactive, and when, consequently, there is nothing to counterbalance the flow of blood which then takes place towards the internal parts, for it is well known that a person in ordinary health

may walk about or work in the open air for hours together without injury, provided he put on dry stockings and shoes immediately on coming home."

So we see that it would have been better, *even in winter*, for the girls I have been speaking of, to have been without shoes at all, as the momentary cold of passing through damp streets would soon, in the case of bare feet, be replaced by the healthy glow we feel after plunging our feet in cold water, that is, if the girls are *healthy;* but no *health* can stand sitting two hours or more in wet shoes.

Bad or short shoes make children much more footsore than bare feet; and having the free use of their muscles during the summer would be good for the children's feet.

Dr. Blackwell says:—"At Graefenberg, under the famous Priessnitz, many of the patients were recommended to go barefoot; and many delicate ladies might have been seen at that popular water cure, who never put on shoe or stocking in the house and garden; promenading for hours in the sunshine with their bare feet, and deriving strength and activity of circulation from the practice. The same custom is not unfrequently introduced in many water-cure establishments in the United States, where it is desired to produce a greater amount of vitality in the feet. And this custom will doubtless be more frequently recommended by physicians, as they learn to depend less upon the action of drugs in the treatment of disease, and more upon the recuperative powers of the human frame."

# Notices of Books.

*Reading Lessons for Night Schools.* London: Jarrold & Sons.

THIS is a series of tales—social and religious—for the use of attendants at night schools, by a lady who has shown much practical interest in such schools. The language is simple, and the aim definite. The moral is so interwoven into the story, that to read the one is at once to discern the other. Each tale is broken up into parts, the reading of each section being so framed as to occupy a part of one evening. By this means the memory is not too much burdened; the teacher can make his own incidental comments as he proceeds; and the interest in the narrative is preserved to the last. The style being remarkably simple and lucid, renders these tales fitted for the meanest capacity.

As an illustration of manner and method, we have reprinted a part of the sketch, entitled, "Jim West, the Crossing-sweeper," in "Our Children's Gallery."

*Short Sermons for News Boys.* By C. L. BRACE. New York: Scribnër & Co.

THIS is a welcome volume of sermons by one who has not forgotten that he was once a boy, and hence knows how to speak to the boy-heart in the boy-vernacular. The character of the class addressed may be judged by the fact that very few, when they come to the News Boys' Lodging-house in New York, where these sermons were preached, knew their own names; but, like the street-boys of London, they were soon known, and ever afterwards recognised by some personal peculiarity. For example, some were called "Oysters," "Wandering Jew," "Fat Jack," "The Ghost," "Chicken," "Squintum," "Pickle Nose," &c. One, who assumed a position above his fellows, was styled "O'Neill the Great."

Though professedly more practical than doctrinal—the author's aim being in fact to apply religion to common things—yet the doctrinal element is not wanting

in these sermons. Nor can we conceive the possibility of arousing the consciences of either man or boy without a pointed reference to the hereafter of weal or woe. It is when Christ is preached in all his fulness and freeness that the soul, whether of rich or poor, old or young, is delivered from sin, and thus the new life is found to spring out of the new heart. We are glad, then, to find that the doctrine of salvation only by Christ is the base of every discourse, and that the street-boys of New York were taught that, if they would do their duty to society, they must first give their heart to Jesus.

# The Children's Gallery.

## JIM WEST, THE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

JIM WEST was a boy who had a bad father and mother. He was often without food, and his father would send him into the street to beg. One day his father said, "Look here, Jim, you go out and get sixpence, and if you have not got it when you come home, I will beat you."

Jim's mother said, "Don't cry, my boy; cry when you are in the street, and tell the folks you have not had a bit to eat to-day."

But Jim did not like to say this, for it was not true, so he said, "But I have had some bread and tea." Then his father gave him a blow for this, and the poor lad went out of doors. Jim went out and cried, for he felt very sad, for the day was cold, his clothes were ragged, and his feet were bare.

He thought, "What can I do to make up the money?" He saw an old man who swept a crossing over the road. The old man said, "I am off to my dinner." Then Jim went up to him and said, "May I sweep here while you are gone to your dinner?" "Yes," said the old man, "but if you do, you must give me half of what you get, when I come back." So the old man left Jim with a very old broom, and took his new one away, for he had two brooms. Jim swept off all the mud, and made the crossing quite clean, though it was hard work with the old worn-out broom. He did not beg, but stood still and touched his cap while the folks went by. Then a lady said, "My little lad, you have made a nice clean path; how old are you?" "Nearly nine, ma'am," said Jim. "Do you go to school?" "No, ma'am, I have not been yet." "Will you go to-night to the Ragged School?" "Yes, if father will let me." Then the lady told him to go if he could, and she would teach him to read and write and do sums, which would be better than sweeping a crossing, for that is, after all, not much better than begging.

As Jim went home, he thought of the lady, and that he had told her he would go to the Ragged School in the evening, if his father would let him, and as he felt well and had got quite warm by the fire, he wished much to go. When his father saw that he had got sixpence, he said, "That's right, Jim, come along, and we'll have some fun at the Gaff." "No," said Jim, "if you will let me, I would much sooner go to the Ragged School." "What's come to you?" said his father; "don't you care for fun?" "I do care for fun," said Jim, "but a lady told me she would teach me to read and write if I went to school, and I should like to be able to read and write." "Do as you please," said this foolish, bad man; "I shall go to the penny gaff."

Then he went off, and took all the money that Jim had given him, and Jim went to the school. Just as he reached the door, he saw the lady who had spoken to him at the crossing. She was going in,

and was glad to see Jim. "Come in," she said, "I am glad you have kept your word, and I think you will feel very happy when you know how to read and write." Then the master spoke to him, and asked if he had ever been to school before.

"No, sir," said Jim, "but my sister has, and she showed me the letters."

"That's right," the master said. "Go there to those boys who are reading from the black board."

So Jim went to his place in the class, and soon learnt to spell some short words. Then he went home, and after he had been in bed some hours, his father came home very cross, for he had been first to the penny gaff, and then to the "Red Lion," and he had been drinking, so that his head was bad, and he was ready to find fault with every one; but in truth the fault was all in himself.

Jim had bought a box and blacking brushes for himself, and he went and sat down at the corner where he used to sweep, to wait for people to come and have their boots blacked. Jim's head began to ache very badly, and though he felt too sad to eat anything that morning, he did not feel hungry, but when he had been at the corner a little time he began to feel sick and faint. He sat down on his little box and held his head between his hands, and said to himself, "When Jesus was here on earth, he was kind to poor boys like me; I wish he was here now." Then he remembered something that he had heard at the Ragged School, and thought again, "Teacher tells us that he is near us always, though we cannot see him. I wonder if he is near me now, and if he would help me." Then Jim began to feel a little comfort come into his heart as he thought this, but in a minute or two his head grew worse. He was just falling against the wall, when he heard a pretty little voice say, "Look at that poor little boy, mamma, he is ill." And a little girl, who had gone past, came back and took hold of his hand. Then her mamma said, "He is ill indeed, I think he ought to go to the hospital." So a policeman came, and he and another man took poor Jim to the hospital.

After this, Jim's troubles were not so great, for though he was very ill, he was treated very kindly in the hospital. The doctors said that he had fever, and that it came from not having good food, or being kept warm. So Jim had good food and he soon grew strong, and when the nurse asked him what he felt when he was first ill, he called to mind how he had wished that Jesus could see him and help him, and how just then the little girl and the lady had seen him, and he had been taken to the hospital among the kind people.

Jim went every night to the Ragged School, and the master gave him a book that he might say his lesson over to himself while he was waiting for shoes to black. Jim learned much more this way than he had before, and when two months more were gone, the master said, "Go to Mr. Brown, and I will give you a note, to tell him that you are an honest, good boy."

Next day, Jim took the master's note in his hand, and went to Mr. Brown's. Mr. Brown was a grocer, and he was in his shop when Jim came in. "Please, sir," the boy said, "I have learned to read and write, and do sums, and the master has sent this letter for you."

Mr. Brown read the master's letter, and said, "Well done, my boy; I have just sent a lad away because he used to play at pitch-and-toss and marbles, when he ought to have gone straight to the houses with tea, and coffee, and sugar. If I take you I hope that you will be a steady boy, and not play in the street when you are sent out." Jim said, "Indeed, sir, I will try to be a good boy, and I hope you will let me come to you." So Mr. Brown took Jim West, and Jim was as good as he said he would be. He never told a lie, and used to go straight to the houses, and did as he was told in all things.

When he had been with Mr. Brown some years, he was made foreman, for the shop was now much larger than it used to be. And ten years after, when

Mr. Brown left the shop, Jim took it, and instead of Mr. Brown's name written over the door, there was "James West, Grocer and Tea Dealer."

# Notices of Meetings.

NEW CUT.

A MEETING was held on Wednesday, September 6, in the old "Penny Gaff," in the New Cut, Lambeth, upon the occasion of this notorious place of resort for young people, principally of the thievish order, being opened as a Working Man's Institute. From the report read at the meeting, it appesred that for thirteen years "the gaff" had been one of the most unblushing nuisances of the neighbourhood, and had been two or three times indicted as such. Night after night it succeeded in attracting the worst characters of the locality within its dirty, frowsy enclosure. But a short time since, the lease falling in, the Committee of the Robert Street Ragged School managed to secure it, notwithstanding the heavy responsibility it entailed upon them. The premises were in a miserable condition, but many working men, for whose benefit the place had been secured, set themselves to the task of doing what they could to improve them. A skylight was placed in the roof —hitherto the "gaff" had been without light—and the earth which constituted the flooring was boarded over. The place still retains its theatrical form, but it has been made to look as tidy as a dilapidated old building can. It will probably hold about five hundred persons, but whatever the number, on Wednesday evening, though the weather was very wet, the place was as full as it could well hold. In connection with the formal opening of the Institute, two meetings for prayer had been held on the Monday and Tuesday evenings preceding, and on the present occasion it had also been arranged to distribute the prizes obtained in the Lambeth Flower Show, held about a month ago.

JOSEPH PAYNE, Esq., who presided, said that he had come amongst them that evening to testify his respect for those who had been so intimately connected with the work which they had met to inaugurate. He was there to do all he could for the advancement of the new Institute. The Committee had manifested great perseverance in getting hold of the building. As Christian people they knew that they were engaged in a Christian work in what they had been doing, and therefore a few difficulties had not daunted them. Now that they had succeeded, they were determined to hold fast in hope, to hang on in charity, and never to let go for anybody at all. All who had it in their power ought now to come to their assistance, for they had taken upon themselves grave responsibilities. For himself, he would say that he respected so highly the good friends who had done away with such an intolerable nuisance as the old "Penny Gaff," and had put, in the new institute, such an important means of good within the reach of the working classes, that he would render them all the assistance he could. In regard to the distribution of prizes to those who had won them in the late flower show, he would remind them that—

> Plants require both air and water;
> Plants employ both son and daughter;
> Plants will grow while planters rest;
> And what man does by God is blessed.

He then alluded to the influence upon home life which the cultivation of flowers among the poor never failed to exercise, especially to the habits of thought and

industry it engendered in the minds of the young in many a poor household.

The Rev. R. ROBINSON said that he paid a visit to the strong-minded lady who held the lease of the "gaff," and asked whether he might be allowed the use of the place on Sunday to preach in. She said she had no objection,—he might, perhaps, do them a little good: for her part she was trying to do them good,—she was. At last she said, "You shall have the place on Sunday if you will come here on the Monday." The end of the matter was that she promised to come herself to give away tracts to those who entered, and she sat in the little box where usually she took the money. (Cheers.) Some of those present that evening could, perhaps, remember that first service in the "gaff," and how the lads came rushing in, and what a general tumult there was. The good lady who had given her permission for the service was a match for the unruly. She had previously given him a lesson in public speaking. "You know, sir, I am accustomed to it, I am, speaking as I do continually from the stage. What you have got to do is to look 'em straight in the eye, and talk right at 'em, and you'll do." Well, in the midst of the tumult, in she came, and, turning to the gallery, she "looked them straight in the eye," and called out, "You boys, if you don't be quiet now, you shan't come in to-morrow night." Well, something like quiet was restored, but not for long; for upon his saying that he would speak to them about a prodigal, a man who had been drinking at a house close by came jumping in, saying, "Here's a prodigal," and for awhile sent the company off into laughter again. This was the first service nine years ago. The services were continued throughout the winter, and great good was the result. He should never forget preaching one Sabbath evening there. He saw before him an audience composed of the roughest of the rough, but one little incident sufficed completely to subdue them. He said, "Now, my friends, we will sing a hymn that no doubt many of you heard in your childhood, although, perhaps, you have never heard it since. It will make some of you young again, to hear it once more. It is this—

'Glory to thee, my God, this night.'"

The effect was magical: some of the rudest, roughest faces present were melted and softened; strong, burly men wept like children as the hymn was sung which carried them back to former days,—to the time when they were little boys, and they had not become what then they were. (Cheers.)

### CARR STREET.

AN Industrial Exhibition of the work of children connected with the above Ragged School was held in the School-room the 3rd, 4th, and 5th of July. The objects of the promoters was to encourage the useful employment of their time; to turn their inventive faculties into a useful channel; and to stimulate them to perseverance.

About 120 children, between the ages of five and fifteen years, exhibited a variety of useful and ornamental articles; some showing a considerable amount of taste and skill in the production. Prizes were liberally awarded. These were distributed on Tuesday evening, July 31st, on which occasion the whole of the exhibitors were provided with a good tea. The chair was taken at seven o'clock by James Scrutton, Esq., and the prizes distributed by J. Scrutton, jun., Esq. Several of the teachers also briefly addressed the meeting; and some school pieces were very well sung by the children of the day schools; after which, the Doxology was sung, and terminated a very happy and interesting gathering.

# RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.

ESTABLISHED FOR THE SUPPORT OF

## FREE SCHOOLS FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR.

OFFICE—1, EXETER HALL.

PRESIDENT.—THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.
TREASURER.—R. C. L. BEVAN, Esq., Lombard Street.
HON. SOLICITOR.—F. JENNINGS, Esq.
SECRETARY.—MR. JOSEPH G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, W.C.
COLLECTOR.—MR. WILLIAM A. BLAKE, 1, Exeter Hall.
BANKERS.—MESSRS. BARCLAY, BEVAN, & Co., 54, Lombard Street.

The following contributions have been received in aid of the Ragged School Union from the 20.h of August to the 19th of September inclusive :—

### General Fund.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Legacy of Miss Maria Smith, late of 9, Osnaburg Street, per E. J. Smith, Esq., 14, Whitehall Place, £100, less duty | 90 | 0 | 0 |
| An Old Friend | 50 | 0 | 0 |
| Baines, Lieut.-Col. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Carter, T. E., Esq., per Bankers | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Collett, Miss, per Mrs. Reade | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Collyer, John, Esq. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Consterdine, The late Miss Sarah | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Currie, Rev. H. G. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Denison, Mrs. | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Dewshurst, Mrs., col. box | 0 | 10 | 10 |
| Everett, Mr. E. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Hayter, H., Esq. | 1 | 1 | |
| Hankey, S. A., Esq. | 50 | 0 | 0 |
| Le Cappelaine, J., Esq. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Lowe, Miss | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Magor, Mrs. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Matthias, Mr. James | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Preston, Rev. A. M. | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Reade, Mrs. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Richardson, Mrs. M. A. | 1 | 0 | 0 |

### Excursion Fund.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hayter, Henry, Esq. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| M. C. | 0 | 10 | 0 |

### School Fund, &c.

*Nichol Street.*

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Proceeds of Work Basket, per Miss Hawkins | 1 | 0 | 0 |

*Irish Church Missions.*

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Magor, Mrs. | 1 | 0 | 0 |

### Cholera Fund.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Anonymous | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| E. H. | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Reader of British Messenger | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Whitfield, Mr. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Young Ladies of Burton House, per Mr. Mounstephen | 1 | 13 | 0 |

DONATIONS and SUBSCRIPTIONS will be thankfully received at the OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY, by the Secretary, Mr. JOSEPH G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand; by Messrs. HATCHARD & SON, 187, Piccadilly; Messrs. NISBET & Co., 21, Berners Street; by the Bankers, Messrs. BARCLAY, BEVAN, & Co., 54, Lombard Street; and by the Collector, Mr. W. A. BLAKE, 1, Exeter Hall.

Money Orders should be made payable at the Post Office, Charing Cross, London, to Mr. JOSEPH G. GENT, *Secretary*, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand, W.C.

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